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are anxiously asked what their grandfather has said. The replies of the old women are generally of such doubtful import, that whatever happens they may seem to have predicted the truth. Sometimes the devil is consulted by different women, in different tents, the same night. At day-break one party will pertinaciously assert that the enemy are on the approach, which the other as obstinately denying, a conflict of opinions ensues between these foolish interpreters of oracles, which generally ends in a bloody quarrel. Sometimes one of the jugglers is desired to call up the shade of a dead man, from which they may immediately learn what their fates reserve for them. A promiscuous multitude of every age and sex flocks to the necromancer's tent. The juggler is concealed beneath a bull's hide, which serves in the same manner as a stage-curtain. Having muttered a few extemporary verses, sometimes with a mournful, at others with a commanding voice, he at length declares that the shade of such a person, whoever the people choose, is present: Him he interrogates over and over again on future events, and, changing his voice, answers to himself whatever he thinks proper. Not one of the auditors dares to doubt of the presence of the shade, or the truth of its words. An Abipon of noble family and good under-

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756 standing, used many arguments to convince me
787 that he had with his own eyes beheld the spirit
•769 of an Indian woman, whose husband was then living in our town. Spaniards also, who have lived from boyhood in captivity amongst the Abipones, are quite persuaded that the shades of the dead become visible at the call of a necromancer, that they reply to questions, and that there is no deceit used in the business. But what sensible man would credit such witnesses, who are in the daily habit of deceiving and being deceived?

775 But from this custom of the savages of calling up the shades of the dead, we may deduce that they believe in the immortality of the soul, as may also be collected both from their rites and
[769] conversation. They place a pot, a garment, arms, and horses, fastened on stakes upon graves, that the dead may not be in want of the daily necessaries of life. They have an idea, that
[825] those little ducks, which the Abipones call *ruililiè*, and which fly about in flocks at night, uttering a mournful hiss, are the souls of the departed. The Spaniard Raphael de los Rios,
[648] who superintended the estate belonging to the town of St. Jeronymo, was cruelly murdered in his tent, in an assault of the savages, whilst I resided there. Some months after, an Abiponian catechumen came and anxiously enquired

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whether all the Spaniards went to Heaven when they died, and was told by my companion that those who had closed their lives with a pious death alone obtained this happiness. "I agree entirely with you," said the Abipon; "for the Spaniard Raphael, who was killed here lately, seems not to have gained admittance yet; our countrymen say that they see him riding in the plain every night, and hissing in a mournful tone." This, though to be accounted either a mere fabrication, or the effect of fancy, justifies the conclusion, that the savages believe the soul to survive the body, though they are entirely ignorant of what becomes of it, or what may be its fate. The other people of Paraguay too hold the same opinion of the immortality of the soul.

From what I have said of the jugglers, who does not see that all their knowledge, all their arts, consist of nothing but cunning, fraud, and deceit? Yet the savages yield them the readiest faith and obedience during their lifetime, and after their death revere them as divine men. In their migrations, they reverently carry with them their bones and other reliques as sacred pledges. Whenever the Abipones see a fiery meteor, or hear it thunder three or four times, these simpletons believe that one of their jugglers is dead, and that this thunder and lightning are his FUNERAL OBSEQUIES,

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into a hide, and carry home on a horse, a journey not unfrequently of two hundred leagues. But if the enemy presses on them, and they are forced to leave the body on the field of battle, the relations seek for the bones on the first opportunity, and take no rest till they find them, however much risk and labour must be encountered in accomplishing this. Moreover, the Abipones are not content with any sepulchre, but take especial care that fathers may lie with their sons, wives with their husbands, grandchildren with their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and that every family should have its own burying-place. This nation, having formerly inhabited more towards the north, know that their ancestors' monuments exist there, and venerate them as something divine. They feel the most lively pleasure in mingling the bones of their countrymen, wherever, amidst their perpetual peregrinations, they may have been buried, with the bones of their ancestors. Hence it is that they dig them up and remove them so often, and carry them over immense tracts of land, till at length they repose in the ancient and woody mausoleum of their forefathers; which they distinguish by certain marks cut in the trees, and by other signs taught them by their ancestors. The Brazilians and Guaranies formerly disliked the

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the memory of their ancestors are religiously celebrated with the same rites and ceremonies. Should the memory of her dead mother enter a woman's mind, she immediately loosens her hair, seizes a gourd, paces up and down the street with some women whom she calls to partake in her mourning, and fills the air with lamentation. Few nights pass that you do not hear women mourning. This they do upon their feet, with their bodies turned towards the spot where the deceased is buried, always accompanying their lamentations with the sound of gourds. Women find weeping easier than silence, and this is the reason why the nights are so seldom passed in quietness. The vociferation, however, always grows more violent as the day approaches; for when one begins to lament another follows her example, then a third comes, and then a fourth, till, by daybreak, the number of mourners seems greater than that of sleepers. The men meantime are by no means idle. The grief which the women express with tears and shrieks, they testify by shedding the blood of enemies or their own. The nearest of kin to the deceased immediately assembles all the fellow-soldiers he can raise, and leads them against the foreign foes by whose hands his relation perished. It is